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ADOLLIZING:

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A DOLL - W O R S H I P.

A

POEM in Five CANTO's.

La nouveauté en est tout le merite.



L O N D O N:

Printed for A. DODD at the *Peacock* without *Temple-bar*, 1748.

[Price One Shilling.]

Duplicate

ADOLPHUS.

O R

A lively PICTURE

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ADOLPHUS - W O R S H I P .

A

POEM in Five Cantos.

In honour of the late Mr. Adolphus.



L O W D O N :

Printed for A. Dodd at the New York and Temple-lane, 1748.

[Price One Shilling.]

P R E F A C E.

THE Title of this Poem is of too singular a nature not to say something by way of Preface in justification of the freedom taken to introduce a new Word into our Language.

Horace very artfully vindicates Varro's and Virgil's taking that liberty, from the example of Plautus and Cecilius, who had been allow'd it; and justifies himself in a right to the same, from the example of Ennius and Cato, who had both enriched their language with several new words.

Were the same address to be observed here, it might be said, that Cowley, Waller and Dryden had as much right to coin words as Shakespear and Johnson; and if our tongue has received fresh graces since from the Spectator's mint, I hope it will not be envy'd me the having set up my forge for the striking only of one single word.

To avail myself still farther of Horace's authority, — in one place, he says,

Si fortè necesse est
Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum,
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget, dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter.

which shews, that new names must of necessity be given to new discoveries, provided it be done with any tolerable discretion; — and a little farther adds,

Licuit, semperque licebit,
Signatum presente notâ procludere nomen.

which shews likewise the eternal legality of coining new words, provided they are struck at the publick mint.

Another observation of that great Master of Method on this head must not be omitted; ——— it is where he says, You will ever be most successful in your terms, when from the happy conjunction of two known words, you shall be able to create one entirely new.

As it cannot possibly be decided whether I have succeeded in this article till the publick sentiments of this poem shall be known after the perusal of it, so I must with some impatience wait for their opinion in this matter.

As I am neither writing for reputation nor profit, but merely from the effect of a slight, occasioned by a very singular recent transaction, I am little solicitous about the desiderium of other authors, I mean the success of it. At least, if any little merit should happen to be discovered in the performance, it must be only from the having ventured, at the imminent hazard of my person, to stand forth the champion of the insulted fair against the hero of it, from whose resentment a man of a more timid nature would have every correction to fear.

I do moreover assure the reader, *verbo generosi*, that the ground-work, from whence the term of *adollizing* was taken, is a real fact, known to many others as well as myself. The simple fable is this: A person of high distinction failing in his attempt on the virtue of a young lady of great beauty and merit, resolves to enjoy her at any rate, and thereupon has recourse to the extraordinary method here attempted to be described.

The other incidents, I confess, are only introduced for the sake of ornament and moral. It was the only means I could devise to convey a wholesome piece of advice to the young gentleman levelled at, which I hope he will have the grace to take as I intend it, by following the example of his copy Clodius, in the extirpation of his Claradolla, and by making the same honourable reparation to Venus; otherwise, he may possibly bear from me again, in a manner he will relish yet less, by exposing him by name to the just ridicule of the whole sex.



A DOLLIZING, &c.

CANTO the First.

ARGUMENT.

*The invocation—then Love's pow'r we scan,
O'er the creation, and this system man;
Shewing at once its various influence
O'er human laws, the passions, and each sense;
Farther displaying, as the muse directs,
Its qualities, its causes, and effects;
And life's pursuits, she last attempts to prove
Their ultimate and secret object—Love.*

FAV'RITE of Gods and men! spirit refin'd!
Thou most important bus'ness of mankind!
Thou grèatest mis'ry, and thou grèatest bliss!
Thou ever-lasting, universal wish!
Thrice heav'nly impulse! nature's eldest law!
All-pow'rful Love! assist me, muse, to draw
Let no obscenity disgrace my lays!
Where lewd the meaning, there be chaste the phrase!

Let *Ovid's* softness, all his easy flow,
 In every line, in every cadence glow!
 Let every faculty, as in a dream,
 With double force act on the charming theme!
 Give it each grace that numbers can impart,
 And with a thrilling flutter sink it to the heart.
 From Love all animated beings spring,

Kindly preserving each created thing:
 The mixt inhabitants of land, sea, air,
 Love's all-refractory principle declare,

Without whose influence we soon should see
 A desert-world, and nature's misery.

Vain civil policies to keep Love down!
 It knows no law superior to its own:
 It mocks all human arts, infernal pains,
 And shame and custom equally disdains:

Slyly! it acts in the religious cell,
 And makes the saint and sinner both rebel;
 Old, young, rich, poor, the wise and the unwise,
 Are all alike attracted by bright eyes:
 The strong propensity breaks out in spite,
 Confounding all, infringing nature's right.

Love's the first passion of the human breast,
 The master-spring, and mover of the rest.

For that, revenge and rage alternate burn:
 For that, we hope, despair, rejoice, or mourn:
 Thence envy, jealousy, ambition, hate,
 Fear, pride, and each unruly passion date.

Nor less the senses own Love's mighty pow'r,
 Quick'ning their relish in the am'rous hour:
 With active Love, the smell how doubly keen.
 (Beauty's dear odour greedy sucking in!)
 To hear what transport! and what joy to see!
 To feel what bliss! and taste—what extasy!

Go on, my muse, and still the passion trace,
 Cause and supporter of the human race.

With quality transmutative Love's dart,
 Turns with the touch to gold each sordid heart,
 Gives a bright polish to the ruder mind,
 And clown, or pedant, renders more refin'd;
 Into the coward, bravery inspires,
 And makes more perfect all who feel its fires.

Love is the source of wiles, of folly, wit,
 Of truth alike productive and deceit:
 Cause of discord, devastation sad,
 Of all that's virtuous, vicious, good and bad.

Other effects not less surprising flow:
 Love more than mortal graces does bestow:

Perfection all! the fancy once impress'd,
 Gives marble firmness to a flabby breast;
 The sounds of angels to a screech-owl's cry;
 A diamond-lustre to a whiting-eye;
 Iv'ry to teeth of *Æthiopian* hue,
 And ruby lips to those of livid blue;
 Gives youth to wrinkles, and (still stranger thrice)
 Of a meer sink creates a paradise.

To sum the whole, still guided by the nine,
 What other powers shall we to Love assign?

In all the avocations of mankind,
 Love's still the darling object of the mind:
 Whether the tyrant lusts for fierce controul,
 Or conquer'd worlds engross the victor's soul:
 Whether the statesman, big with publick cares,
 The crabbed treaty, or debate prepares:
 Whether the churchman cringes for a fee,
 Or poring lawyer drudges for a fee:
 Whether the soldier braves a hard campaign,
 Or vent'rous merchant hazards all for gain:
 Whether the sailor ploughs the boisterous deep,
 Or miser, o'er his hoards, forgets to sleep:
 Whether the epicure the globe lays waste,
 For every nicety to pamper taste

Whether the beau, exotic, tho' at home,
Flutters the mimic ape of *France* and *Rome* :

'Tis all for Love, superlative delight !

We eat, drink, starve, dress, trade, pray, plead and fight :

Let wealth, or honours, crown our care, or sense,

In Love we seek our better recompence :

To be more pleasing in some fair one's eye,

There will our secret satisfaction lye :

Whate'er we do, in whate'er sphere we move,

Examine well---at bottom, all is Love.

Th' imagin'd charms imbid'd, first fierce desire,

Like livid lightning, flashes liquid fire,

Thro' various channels rushing like a tide,

With furious eye, down head, breast, back and side,

In its all-thrilling

The act of generation

This liquid fire, or quintessence of blood,

I call it Lust, when grossly understood :

Lust to the body is alone confin'd ;

But Love partakes of body and the mind,

Imparts a two-fold, and more lasting joy,

While last'd Lust does in the instant cloy :

Love finds new taste in the soul's excellence ;

CAN-

CANTO the Second.

A R G U M E N T.

*The cause of Love—and Love and Lust defin'd,
 And which most actuates the human kind;
 Instanc'd in Clodius, whom, as wont, the muse
 The hero of the verse vouchsafes to chuse;
 His person and his character displays,
 A lively picture of these wanton days,
 Painting his boundless appetite to rove,
 Till, sick of Lust, he truly falls in Love.*

FROM the quick fight, and fancy's subtle laws,
 By all agreed, proceeds Love's premier cause.

Th' imagin'd charms imbib'd, strait fierce desire,
 Like livid light'ning, flashes liquid fire,
 Thro' various channels rushing like a tide,
 With furious eye, down head, breast, back and side,
 In its all-thrilling course to Love's dear seat,
 The act of generation to complete.

This liquid fire, or quintessence of blood,
 I call it Lust, when grossly understood :
 Lust to the body is alone confin'd ;
 But Love partakes of body and the mind,
 Imparts a two-fold, and more lasting joy,
 While fated Lust does in the instant cloy :
 Love finds new taste in the soul's excellence ;
 Lust all enjoyment terminates in sense.

So with the brute creation does it fare:
They ease themselves, and end, exhausted, there
Eager and trembling to the act they come
Loll with their tongues, and jaws expanded foam;
Their blood will scald, and nerves more turgid grow;
These, these in common with proud man they know
Who ask but these, mere action, and mere face,
Remain with me mere brutes of human race.

Alas! how few the blissfull union prove
Yet all who lust, profanely call it Love;
While computation shews, I fear, too just,
For one that loves, a hundred thousand lust.

Sure indication of abandon'd times
Still private lewdness follows publick crimes
In virtuous ages love, e'er flourish'd most,
Which in the more licentious ones is lost
Then rampant Lust all purer Love disdains,
And taints alike the city, and the plains,
Boasting it's hayock, void of every sense
Of honour, justice, vows and innocence.
Thus Vice and Lust in the same center move,
While Virtue still goes hand in hand with Love.

CLODIUS, descended of a noble race,
High as the NORMAN can his lineage trace,

Is young, gay, handsome, one possessing all;
The dangerous arts to ruin and enthrall;
Late come from travel, mirror of address,
One lady's hand with ardor he shall press;
Whisper soft speeches in another's ear,
Look dying on a third enchanting fair,
And of a fourth shall celebrate the praise
In some love-sonnet, in his own sweet lays:
Where-e'er he goes, a blazing star he shines,
And to his movements every eye inclines.

His great fore-fathers bid him emulate,
Or by the way of arms, the law, or state;
"All, all my fame, strait Clodius replies,
"Is to stand favour'd in the sex's eyes;
"To be the general idol of the fair, and love's great care;
"My utmost wishes, and my only care;
"Let others seek for glory in a trench,
"Or in the cabinet, or on the bench;
"Let me be still, just coming from the glass,
"Shew'd for a *Pretty Fellow* as I pass;
"I ask no more--there centers all my pride,
"My whole ambition, let who will decide.
— True Love, with him, is treated as a jest;
And Lust alone inflames his grosser breast!

For every fair one that he sees, he dies ;
And their backs turn'd, forgets his vows and lyes.
Tho' idoliz'd by more than half the sex,
None have the pow'r the libertine to fix
All hearts he gains, his own remaining free,
And ne'er resigns it but in courtesy :
If one to day seems mistress of his soul,
The next, he owns another's fair controul ;
Who in her turn (her pow'r of charming lost)
Finds herself scorn'd for some succeeding toast.

Modish in principle, he takes delight
To laugh at HYMEN, and each sacred rite ;
Nor cares a straw, his morals so deprav'd,
How God is worship'd, or what Land's enslav'd :
Give him his ruling passion and his whim,
POP'RY and SLAV'RY are alike to him.

Glutted with conquests o'er the easy fair,
He more than savage mocks their wild despair,
Courting, undoing, quitting all by turns,
Until with honourable Love he burns.
And in revenge, at last by CUPID caught,
The wanton rover's punish'd as he ought ;
His proud heart yields, nor longer Love disdains,
But justly fights in CLARABELLA's chains.

(14)
CANTO the Third.

ARGUMENT.

*The character of Clarabella shewn,
And the enamour'd Clodius love-sick grown :
His hopes and fears alternately display'd,
And fruitless pains to win the charming maid ;
And how, since nought the cruel fair will move,
Inventive Wit supplies despairing Love ;
By which the reader easily will frame
From whence the term of Adollizing came.*

OF noble birth, possess'd of every grace,
Beauteous in mind, as well as form and face,
Tho' young not thoughtless, nor yet vain tho' fair;
Tho' born for conquest, conquest not her care :
Her manners gentle, free from pride of blood,
And altho' great, not blushing to be good :
Her virtue unaffected, gaily grave,
Taking all pleasures, but to none a slave ;
Nor yet so modish quite, as to decry
The good old truths of Christianity.

SUCH CLARABELLA, pattern of her sex,
Whom all admire, and lewdness' self respects.
Her CLODIUS sees, and seeing, strait Love's fires
Light-up his soul to new, unknown desires.

Such

Such as his breast had never felt 'till now,
 As Æther pure, and as the needle true:
 No gross ideas with his wishes mix,
 And only HYMEN now his bliss can fix.
 A being more than mortal she appears,
 And, the first time, he now knows hopes and fears:
 His past success with hundreds he'd undone,
 Makes him conclude the fair already won,
 And that his Love he has but to impart,
 To force return from her defenceless heart;
 But when his virtue with his vice he weighs,
 Th' alarming opposites some doubts will raise,
 And 'spite of all his vanity, and pride,
 Presuming hope into despair subside.

Foreboding truth, th' allotted time was come,
 And slighted Love was now to be his doom:
 Now, in his turn, he was to feel those woes,
 Of which, in others, he had been the cause.

With tenderest ardor he his flame confess'd,
 Nor saw the hop'd impression in her breast:
 Surpriz'd, he saw no charming flutter heave,
 But calm indifference does his Love receive:
 Month after month he fights his passion o'er,
 Yet still she hears with coldness as before.

Rebuff'd not here, to steal into her grace,
 He haunts assiduous every public place:
 Where-e'er she goes, thither he's sure to fly,
 And lavish on her his soft melody,
 Still some distinguish'd deference he pays,
 Still is the proof gainst all he does, or says:
 Letter on letter, every art he tries,
 Yet still his suit the cruel fair denies.

Not all his person, nor polite address,
 Can from her draw the eager sought-for, yes:
 Neither his splendid fortune, nor his birth,
 Can varnish o'er his want of genuine worth:
 To all the body can make boast, she grants;
 But what she deems more beautiful, he wants:
 Without a moral, or a sense of shame,
 He wants what most would recommend his name:
 That lasting cement of the marriage state,
 A virtuous mind, to make the bliss complete.

Abandon'd thus to the first female frown,
 And made the subject of a smiling town,
 Proving withall, now sick of all delights,
 Anguish of mind, distraction, sleepless nights,

Pallid

Pallid dejection, every anxious care,
And every pang that waits upon despair,
Nor yet, without her, able to sustain
A life grown hateful by her fix'd disdain,
Strait he resolves upon a vile resource,
To have his brutal ends by fraud, or force.

Failing in these---(the heav'n-protected maid
Remaining still unstolen, unbetray'd,)
He calls invention to his wanton aid.

Woman, cries he, when man's neglect denies,
With mimic art the real thing supplies:
When of dear copulation she despairs,
At once a dildo softens all her cares.

Oh thou creative pow'r! whose fertile thought
Can raise a solid entity from nought,
Do thou some kind expedient point to me,
May lessen CHARABELLA'S cruelty;
Make more supportable my rigorous fate,
And in some measure her disdain defeat.

'Tis found, he cries, the lucky thought is hit,
Strait let me put in act th' inventive wit.

With this, a *Doll*, by new mechanic aid,
As big as life, he artfully has made;

He thinks he now possesses in his arms

With

Resembling CLARABELLA's every grace,
In stature, shape, in dress as well as face
For this, a groupe of different trades employ
Their various skill to frame the curious toy,
While that dear fortress all delight to form,
A LATIAN artist undertook to form.

On the arch'd mount, just o'er the cloven part,
A tuft of hair he fixes with nice art,
Of CLARABELLA's colour, golden hue,
In sweet abundance tempting to the view,
A seven-inch bore, proportion'd to his mind,
With oval entrance, all with springs he lind,
Which warmly mollify'd, is fit for use,
And will the sought-for consequence produce.

Fir'd with th' invention, Clondino, his head
Instantly tries the sweet experiment
Stretch'd on a couch he CLARABELLA lay
(For so he call'd the figure newly made)
Her cloaths uplifted, bare her legs and thighs,
And all expos'd, he casts his ravish'd eyes
Prostrate before the secret seat of bliss,
The room resounds with ev'ry ardent kiss,
And fancy fir'd, all CLARABELLA's charms
He thinks he now possesses in his arms.

With

With this, fierce back the supple joints he flings,
 And his proud matters to a level brings,
 When after the injection as above,
 With eager efforts he begins to move:
 Then breathing quick, lust rushes thro' each vein,
 And for that time concludes the filthy scene.

CANTO the Fourth

*The frequent Adoll-worship Clodius pay'd,
 And his big triumphs on success display'd;
 With his improvements on th' audacious scheme,
 Still more dishon'ring beauty's bright supreme;
 Concluding, in abhorrence of such trade,
 With an apostrophe to Venus made,
 For the gross insult, and indignity
 Offer'd to her, and all the sex thereby.*

THIS pleas'd effect, of mimicry of bliss,
 Perfectly answering Clodius' ugliest wish,
 Oft as his CLARABELLA prompts desire,
 He fails not to extinguish thus the fire,
 And the same Adoll-worship pays again,
 Nor dreams of vengeance for the odious sign.

Far other thoughts th' exulting swain employ;
 He gives a loose to triumph and to joy;
 And while he CLARABELLA'S scorn defies,
 Proclaims the rare discovery to the skies!
 COLUMBUS self could not be more elate,
 Than he, for this successful turn of fate.

"Henceforth, he cries, no longer shall I prove

"The poignant tortures of despairing Love!

"There is the remedy, the certain cure

"For all that wretched Lovers can endure!

"My CLARADOLLA yields me kind relief,

"And puts a period to my future grief:

"What CLARABELLA glories to deny,

"She, thrice more bounteous, shall my wants supply:

"With pleasing surety not to ask in vain,

"From her, no coyness, fickleness, disdain:

"Whatever liberties with her I take,

"No silly scruples will she idly make,

"But unresembling and complacent still,

"Be all obsequious to my wanton will:

"Nor know you scarce the real from what feigns,

"When the hot blood runs boiling thro' the veins."

Indulging thus his false-consoling woes,

Thought even he hopes will rid the cause:

Contrivance bless'd ! the lucky means present
To force his CLARABELLA to consent.

One morn, before his levee, ope he flings
The door o' th' bedchamber, and thither brings
The CLARADOLLA; placing the mock dame
Full in the view of every one that came,
When thund'ring up, after each other ran
A laughing knot of rake-hells to a man;
In, in they bolt; he, as caught unawares,
In feign'd confusion to the door repairs,
Swift on the castors pushes in madam,
And to give greater credit to the sham,
Quick turns the lock, and tase the key commands,
E'er they could snatch it from his cautious hands;
Strait, strait to CLARABELLA'S form they swear,
Her face, her shape, her dress as well as air;
In vain they seek conviction—ne'ertheless,
He, by dark hints, confirms them in their guess.
Now to his wish, the foul report they spread,
They've seen her just where CLONIUS has his bed:
The very day, the very hour they name,
In vile detraction of her virtuous fame.
Th' injurious slander for a while prevail'd,
But, like all slander, of itself it fail'd:

Soon

Soon did her virtue triumph o'er his spite;
And Phoebus-like, just cloudless, shine more bright.

CLODIUS, thus baffled, started a fresh theme,

How to improve the CARABOLIA scheme.

" May I not gratify, enquiring child,

" That darling passion, sweet variety?

" Is there a roasted beauty, if I please,

" I may not ADOLLIZE with equal ease?

" Change but the heads, such VENUS it will rise,

" Not, not ~~with DOLLY~~, but to ADOLLIZE.

" A whole Seraglio will I then prepare.

" Of the most celebrated British fairing.

" By thund'ring Jove, there's not a charming face,

" But shall my galleries, and my closets grace.

" A prime collection will I order straight.

" In just revenge for CARABELLA's hate."

Goddeffs, of graces! and superior charms!

Thrice radiant brightness! lit to my alarms!

Daughter of JOVE, all-beauteous queen of Love!

Say, does not this your indignation move?

Can you without abhorrence, ~~VENUS~~, see?

So gross an outrage and indignity?

New, matchless crime! the Gods for vengeance call!

Yourself, and the whole sex, insulted all!

Shall not some signal punishment o'ertake
The bold offender, and licentious rake?

If such be spar'd, HYMEN will sink yet more,
And maids and widows much increase in store;
The dame her stallion cannot pick and chuse,
And DRYAN nymphs their commerce too will lose.

E'er then the practice into custom grows,
And the dread poison spreads among the beaux,
Rouze, sea-born goddess! your resentment shew!
Strike, strike the wretch with more than mortal blow!
Oh, make a common cause! our own make yours!
Unworthy manhood, drop his vile pow' is!
With impotency seize him! or send down
Such other curse shall best best your frown.

See, see them all to dusty ruin beat!

Cast to the wind! with such aversion cast,

Not the least atom will be left remain.

By CLAREBELL

He feels a heart that's torn, times more;

The odious contrast, all alarms,

And gives thrice-added lustre to her charms:

For ever present to his aching sight,

It racks his thoughts by day, and dreams by night.

CANTO

CANTO the Fifth.

A R G U M E N T.

*The punishment which Venus sends display'd,
With all the vows by suffering Clodius made,
To appease her ire; and i' expiate errors past,
On what just terms he gains his point at last.*

CLODIUS no sooner had his closets grac'd
With CLARADOLLA's to his wanton taste,

Than spiteful VENUS, running o'er with gall,
Inspires him with a loathing for them all,

And in proportion, the revengeful dame,
For CLARABELLA irritates his flame.

No more his senses now can brook the cheat:

See, see them all to dusty ruin beat!

Cast to the wind! with such aversion ta'en,
Not the least atom will he let remain.

By CLARABELLA, if enslav'd before,

He feels a heart now captive ten times more:

The odious contrast to the soul alarms,

And gives thrice-added lustre to her charms:

For ever present to his aching sight,

It racks his thoughts by day, and dreams by night

She now appears to his comparing mind

A Being truly of celestial kind :

One fit companion of the sacred nine,

A goddess, angel, something all divine :

Detesting one, the other he adores,

And as to heav'n for *mis'ricorde* implores.

In vain, in vain, determin'd in her hate,

She still persists, regardless of his fate :

Not all his friends, not all his pungent woes,

Can bring the wretched *Claudius* sought repose :

In spite of what the world, or he can urge,

VENUS still suffers her to be his scourge !

Distracting circumstance ! dilemma sad !

By his keen sufferings driv'n almost mad,

What shall he do ? How ease corroding care ?

Shall acts of rashness end his wild despair ?

Conscious the judgment springs from *VENUS* rage,

He first attempts her anger to assuage,

And in lamenting, pity-moving strains,

Thus to th' offended goddess he complains :

" Oh ! you, that us'd in all my Love-pursuits,

" To crown my wishes with more happy fruits,

" Why do you thus abandon to despair

" Your fav'rite once, and idol of the fair ?

- " Am I to live a wretch? the sport of fate?
 " For ever doom'd to CLARABELLA's hate?
 " Say, what has drawn this vengeance on me down?
 " And teach me how t'appease your awful frown!
 " If e'er to perpetrate a base design,
 " By ravishment I sought to make her mine.
 " If by a scandalous device I strove
 " To sacrifice her Fame to brutal Love:
 " If at th'expence of every thing that's dear,
 " I hop'd to force compliance from the fair:
 " If by the foulest fraud I sought t'obtain
 " What I despair'd by worthier means to gain:
 " If I have e'er profan'd your sacred rites,
 " And pay'd keen worship to more gross delights:
 " If CLARADOLLA's have supply'd the place
 " Of flesh and blood's more natural embrace:
 " If here I sinn'd, if here is my offence,
 " See me affected with the deepest sense!
 " My vile transgressions I behold with shame,
 " And contrite horror shudders all my frame:
 " Repentant vows come pouring from my heart,
 " And own my acting a detested part.
 " For all past vices let me then atone,
 " And happier live for virtuous Love alone!

" For-ever I renounce, thrice injur'd queen !

" Th'idolatry of Love's abhorrent scene !

" If to my former courses I return,

" I ask no favour, endless let me burn

" With Love ungratify'd ; but if sincere,

" Accept, bright goddess, of your convert's pray'r,

" All your soft influence to his wishes lend,

" And his too-long-rejected suit befriend !"

From him this language VENUS, pleas'd to hear,

Gracious inclines a favourable ear :

Now the abandon'd debauchee repents,

The angry goddess in return relents ;

No longer to his passion now a foe,

She takes compassion of his love-sick woe,

And CLARABELLA'S frozen heart inspires,

Till now unfelt, with Love's more genial fires,

She sees the alter'd CLODIUS with surprize,

And lauds the change with pleasure in her eyes ;

'Till by degrees, as stronger proofs appear

Of reformation lasting and sincere,

Love, Love confirm'd, her gentle bosom heaves,

And all its tender influence receives :

No more with hatred CLODIUS she pursues :

Nought he can ask her, can she now refuse :

Compliance all, the happy day the names
To give completion to their mutual flames.

Uniting thus, two wide extremes they prove,
The jarring opposites of Hate and Love.

With Love ungrudging; but if sincere,

Accept, bright goddess, of your consort's prayer.

All your soft influence to his wishes lend,

And his too-long *SILENCE* end.

From him this language Venus, pleas'd to hear,

Gracious inclines a favourable ear;

Now the abandon'd debauchee repents



The angry goddess no longer to his prayer

The same compassion now she takes

And CLARELLA'S NOBILITY

Till now unblest with Love's genial fire.

She sees the altered CROCIUS with surprise,

And 'tis the change with pleasure in her eyes;

With by degrees, as stronger proofs appear

Of restoration, lasting and sincere;

Love, love confirm'd, her gentle bosom leaves

And all its tender influence receives:

No more with hatred CROCIUS she pursues:

Thought he can still her can she now refuse: